(Copyright, 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller Pippette was emancipated. To be sure, could not vete, but her emancipation was complete. The New Woman has not developed in the Italian colony that inhabits Mott street barracks, opposite the police ed maiden was making up a bed in the single light room of one of the tenements on the top floor, with a heart as happy as her fingers were deft.

She was undoubtedly beautiful, despite her decorative effect. Her blood-red handkerchief, be it drawn never so tight over her smooth, parted hair, could not spoil the saintly oval of her olive face-saintly dethe fact that she was the belle of Little Italy; her short, coarse skirt only heightened the daintiness of her trim, brown ankles, although they rose from sheap pattens, not too clean; the broken buttonholes in her waist might have seemed slovenly to the captious, but to the seeker after levellness—au naturel—they must be regarded with gratified admiration because of their native revelations, and, although Pietro sat within two yards of her, smoking his pipe of gloom and bad tobacco, Pippette did not care. She was the belle of Little Italy, and in Little Italy conventionality goes a-begging, although virtue holds high place. (I have heard it whispered that in speaking of some places this statement may truthfully be reversed.)
But all of this is by the way. It has aothing to do with Pippette's emancipation. It was Pietro who had brought that about, and it was Pietro who had suffered by it. heightened the daintiness of her trim.

the bare brick building five grims in the bare brick building, he grimy stories high, punctured by many staring windows, and fed by black doorways every twenty feet or so, leve and hate, mirth and misery, rue high. When Neapolitans come to Gotham, they not only die faster than any other race in New York city, but they live faster too. America throws Italians live faster, too. America throws Italians off their balance In Italy they drink soft wines; in America, slum whisky. When the samble here it is not for the pleasant fun they knew at home, it is with greed



that makes eyes beady and breathing quick, that makes stilettos flash and sometimes takes a life. If I were writing sociology and not romance, I might explain that Italians came here for one thingmoney: that the moment they leave the steamer's gangolank they are money mad. That their lives here are either full of wild work or an idleness so frugal that it eats three cents a day-no more. The very food or an idleness so trugal that it eats cents a day—no more. The very food nourished them at home—maccaroni fruit—overripe here—helps raise their rate. That, in fact, of all races of southern Italy is least fitted to with American ways, American cli—Americans, America. But I am not ing sociology, I am writing the tale of tite.

only smile in the room was hers. The only smile in the room was hers. Indeed, while her face broke into the merriest of ripples as she pulled and patted at the soft, gaudy pile of bedding, not only was Pietro sad and solemn, but Pippette's bent and erbny mother, working at the washtub down in the court between the front and the rear tenements, her father sweeping streets away uptown, and Pietro's parents in their abiding places, were sad its in their abiding places, were sad gloomy too, and all because of Pip-

i grown too, and all because of Pip-te's emancipation.

all grew out of hot Naples love, ught over seas successfully, and a Naples tom that could not be transplanted. It uld be understood that in Naples mar-ries and giving in marriage are considered. rying and giving in marriage are conducted on a basis different from that of the Amer-ican matrimonial institution. Pippette and Pietro were tiny children when the alliance was arranged, and certain financial matters would be delayed but for a short time after they reached this land of gold, and both were well content. The plan was all right, the money was all right, even the affection was all right. But no one had taken into consideration the effect of America's inde-pendent atmosphere.

pendent atmosphere.
Pippette would never have been affected Pippette would never have been affected by it in Little Italy. But she went as nurse for a month in the family of one of the queer little Italian bankers who had been in America a long time, and there she learned progressive lessons. Of course, she told of her engagement, and how it had all been arranged when she was a little child. At once her mistress' hands went up in At once her mistress hands went up in herror, it was wrong that in America a girl should be forced to marry a man her pa-rents had selected. That was not the way those things were done on this side of the ocean. Here girls selected their own sweethearts, and parents were not consulted. They married the men they loved, not the They married the men they loved, not the men with whose parents their fathers and their mothers could make the best financial plans. If Pippette did not love Pletro she ought not to marry him.

Now, before that it had never occurred to

ry; it had never seemed unjust that her parents should arrange the match; she had never for a moment doubted that she loved



Pletro. But the knowledge gained in that

Pietro. But the knowledge gained in that short month changed the whole aspect of affairs to her. Plainly she saw the injustice of it all; plainly she saw the deep-laid plot to steal away her brand-new independent spirit; plainly she saw the outrage offered to her womanhood.

Night by night when she went home she treated Pietro less lovingly. Night by night she grew more gloomy and more silent in her parents' presence. Her mouth, that had in the past been ever smiling, drooped and quivered. She wept at night, and woke red-eyed. The merry girl changed into a maiden of most sorrowful and sullen mien.

Both parents and Pietro were amazed. red-eyed. The merry girl changed into a mailen of most sorrowful and sullen mien. Both parents and Pietro were amazed. Not guessing the real cause of her grievance, not knowing that she even had a grievance, they decided that she was ill. They worshiped her, all five, and held a consultation. When the month's end came they told her that she need not go out to tend the banker's children any more, that she need do no work at all, that if she did not mend they would have to try a doctor. Pippette submitted after protest, because she assumed that to be cut off from her new-found friend was another piece of tyranny. She was a double martyr for a week, while her family and lover worried and wondered at the change in her.

When the doctor came—a fussy, greasy-haired italian—She told him nothing of her trouble, only sitting silent while he wisely shook his head and figured out a pill. After he had gone away she wept quietly for hours, refused to see Pietro and turned her mother spoke to her.

The next morning, after a night which

hind her five of the most thoroughly puzzled Italians in New York. Pietro almost wept. Her mother was in acute distress. Her father swore softly in his native tongue, but not at her. Pietro's parents called ardently upon the Holy Virgin to witness that the girl had been bewitched. When Pippette found the banker's wife she poured out her woe.

"But if you do not want to marry the young man, simply do not marry him," advised that Americanized signora.

"Oh, alas! but it is that they will force



me to!" exclaimed Pippette, with despair, which she had really learned to feel as an actress felt her part. "A thousand million tortures will they inflict upon me if I thwart their wills of iron!" She had succeeded in bringing herself to believe that she was terribily abused.
"Torture you!" remarked the progressive banker's wife, staccato. Torture you! Not in America can they do that. Not here! Go! Defy them! Should they still demand your marriage to this beast!"—the banker's wife, full of romance, had conjured up in her mind a humpbacked and squint-eyed Pletro, with a leer—"should they still demand your marriage to this beast, defy them again, and then send for me."
"But how can I send for you?" sobbed Pippette. "Suppose I am confined or tied by my hair or beaten?"

by my hair or beaten It will be observed that she had imagina-

tion.

"Then," said the banker's wife, with grandeur, "then we shall rescue you! It is an alderman who is my husband's friend, and in New York—blessed Virgin Mary!—an alderman can do very much." In all her life she had never had anything fill her with such delightful romantic indignation.

To Pippette the title alderman meant only something which must be very grand. She finally planned with the banker's wife to go home bo t'y, and when that very day, as she assured her friend they would, her wicked relatives tried to force her to submit to the sacrifice of herself upon the altar of old world oppression she would boldly defy them. Then she declared that she would, without doubt, be confined in the front room of the tenement, where it would be the intention of her parents to starve her or beat her or otherwise force her into obedience. But, no! She would casually hang her bright red petticoat out of the window, and the banker's wife, who would be watching, would notify the alderman, who would notify the police, or, if they were not strong enough to overcome the plotting foreigner's, the mayor. The banker's wife went on with great enthusiasm, and stated that sooner than permit such a wicked old world conspiracy to be the plotting foreigners, the hayor. The banker's wife went on with great enthusiasm, and stated that sooner than permit such a wicked old world conspiracy to be carried out in free America, the mayor would go to the President of the United States, if need be, and he would call out the standing army with its guns, and the navy with as ships. Oh! the banker's wife had never so thoroughly enjoyed herself in her whole life before. And Pippette, when she walked home, had a head full of visions of ranks of armed men, each a hero, and each with a black feather plume in the side of his hat (like an Italian soldier), marching down Mott street and bravely fighting a great mob made up of her relatives and their friends, all willing to shed their last drop of red, red blood in order to force her to marry Pietro against her will.

So she flounced home and up to the rooms in the fifth story. The miserable five who thought her to be strangely ill were all waiting for her, and all anxious to know that the visit to the banker's wife had not hurt her most delicate and precious health. They set up a chorus of rejoicing when they saw how red her cheeks were (with excitement) and how her eyes sparkled (because of the romantic thoughts behind them). But she quelled this with a quickly arsumed tragic air, which threw them into a rew worry. In a feew moments, after arsumed tragic air, which threw them into a rew worry. In a few moments, after they had, with frightened solicitude, tried again to lear; what alied the girl, she told them. For the first time she explained the secret of her mysterious malady. Striding to the center of the room, as a tragedy queen might take the center of the stage, she declared:

"I will not marry him. Torture me, lock

"I will not marry him. Torture me, lock

me up, tie my hands, abuse me and mairreat me as you will—I will not marry him!"

They looked at her in stupefied amazement. At first they did not understand, but when she pointed her finger at Pietro and exclaimed: "It is you and your abettors whom I defy! In Italy, yes, you could force me to become your wife. You could buy me with your gold. You could take me and I could not resist. But in America, no! It is no that I say! No! No! No! No! I r-r-ref-fuse! I WILL NOT!"

The word amazement but poorly describes the feelings of her audience. Not one of them had ever before for a moment supposed that she objected to marrying Pietro. It had never even been a matter of comment. The plan had been as much a part of their simple lives as the day and the night had been. They concertedly gasped in horror. She assumed that this was the first move of coming battle, and, backing slowly into the front room, exclaimed: "Yes! Yes! Kill me! Tear me limb from limb! But flist let me tell the tale that I have protectors!"

She unpinned her red petticoat and slip-

"Yes! Yes! Kill me! Tear me limb from limb! But first let me tell the tale that I have protectors!"

She unpinned her red petticoat and slipped it off quickly, without once removing her eyes from their faces, and with a delicious revelation of well-rounded calves below the shorter skirt underneath, which no one noticed.

"I have but to wave this petticoat from the window, and my friend, the banker's wife, will come with an alderman, who vill bring the police and the mayor and the president of the kingdom, and the army, with guns and great ships, which shoot vast iron balls! Oh, I am ready! I have protectors! I defy you all!"

Pippette, half conscious of the sensation she was creating, and enjoyed it from the bottom of her romantic heart. No one it reatened her, but she waved her red petticoat from the window, and was somewhat disappointed to find that only the little banker and a fat Irishman responded. The banker's wife had told the story to her husband, with many variations and additions, and the alderman, willing to believe anything of Italians, was really prepared for great things. He attributed the submissive and puzzled attitude of the five swarthy persons whom he met to their creft and impressively warned them.

for great things. He attributed the submissive and puzzled attitude of the five
swarthy persons whom he met to their
craft, and impressively warned them.
'Here now! Here now!" he commanded.
'None o' that owver here in Ameriky, you
bloody dagoes! The goirl is free to marry
any one she loikes. Don't let me hear any
more of coer-r-reion, er Oi'll have the police
alifther yez. Moind now phwat Oi say!"
and he left majestically.
After he had gone, the little group—all
of them except Pippette—broke into tears.
They had begun to understand that Pippette had, for some unaccountable reason,
decided not to marry Pietro, and were
filled with woe. And, worse than that,
they saw that she looked upon all of them
—who worshiped her, each one—with fear
and defiance. This was crushing!
Finally, unhappy and dismayed, they
held a council and decided that all should
withdraw except Pietro, who was to re-

held a council and decided that an should withdraw except Pietro, who was to remain with Pippette and try to make his peace, or, at least, to get at the bottom of the mystery. Just before they went away Pippette's father went up to her with such gentleness as a man who sweeps the streets

can assume and said:
"Bambino-carissima-it is not that we "Bambino—carissima—it is not that we wish you to wed Pietro if it is that you do not for him feel love. It is that we all for you feel love most much and that we do greatly feel that you have an illness of the mind. But it is for you to say. It is that we shall die of the grief if you wed Pietro not—but yes, caramba!—it is for you to say. Bambino carissima, it is that it is for you to say."

while her family and lover worried and wondered at the change in her.

When the doctor came—a fussy, greasy-haired italian—she told him nothing of her trouble, only sitting silent while he wisely shook his head and figured out a pill. After he had gone away she wept quietly for worried and toward the tenement's wall when her mother spoke to her.

The next morning, after a night which was most miserable for every one concerved, she declared her intention of going to see the banker's wife. There was some demur, but she was most determined, and finally tramped sullenly away, leaving be-

romance as the banker's wife had read in

But Pietro's gloom, lit by flashes of hot anger as often as it was by throes of great grief, was better. She enjoyed it. It made her feel most important.

It was while she was alone with him, after her parents and his had gone, that he sat smoking his pipe of gloom and bad tobacco, suffering keenly, while she smiled and made a bed with a heart as happy in its sensational triumph over a difficulty which she had created but to overcome, as her fingers were daft.

which she had created but to overcome, as her fingers were deft.

For half an hour this was most delicious. The hated lover sat and alternately cursed and pleaded, while she, safe in the knowledge of the alderman and the mayor and the police and the President and the army and the navy, scorned him and refused to permit him to even so much as touch her hand. It would have been a little pleasanter if he had fiercely rushed upon her and, seizing her, compelled her to scream for help, and it was a little hard to keep the sorrowful faces of her parents out of her mind, but she made the best of what she had and enjoyed it all. She was emancipated!

she had and enjoyed it all. She was emancipated!

But presently Pietro changed his tone in a way which she had not calculated upon. Majestically, he rose, and the pleading in his face changed to scorn.

"Very well," he declared. "Very well. Let what is be as it is, I go. There are in the sea many good fish, of which crefish is but one fish. There are others than you and of them I can catch. Adieu, Pippette! I go to marry the green grocer's lovely daughter, whose eyes are soft as the depths of a well, whose smile is bright as the skles of Naples and who has long looked upon me out of the corners of her eyes. Adieu! I go!"

Heavens, here was an impossibility cometrue! While yet in dismayed discomfiture she was trying to contemplate it, Pietro stalked away.

she was trying to contemplate it, Pietro stalked away.

Pippette sat down, limp and nerveless. She thought of that horrid grocer's daughter with disgust. Yet, yes, she had eyes which some might think pretty, and she was always smiling in order to show her white teeth—the bold thing! But Pietro! She had thought him to have more self-respect! He ought to be filled with shame. This was outrageous and incredible.

respect! He ought to be filled with shame. This was outrageous and incredible. She had been sitting there five minutes, overwhelmed by this new turn. It was not at all romantic. None of the banker's wife's predictions had included such a contingency as this. And Pietro had looked so handsome as he left the room! She was aroused from her bitter reflections by his return. Instantly she struggled to regain her lost ground. "Oh, you have to me come back." she gled to regain her lost ground
"Oh, you have to me come back," she
said promptly. "Well, return to your
daughter of the green grocer. I for you
can find no usefulness in my heart. She
will rot have you; but go to her."
Pletro's brow was lowering, and his
height was masterful. She stopped as he
looked at her, for there was a command
in his eye which she had never seen before.

"Enough: It is enough, ne said slowly.
"Keep silence while I speak. The grocer's daughter can wait, I speak, and I
wish to be answered and with truth. At-

tend!"
This, too, was new, but it was interesting and pleasant. There was tragedy in Pletro's tones, and Pippette was willing to accept tragedy in lieu of romance, if only Pietro would keep away from the grocer's Gaughter.
"I was about to leave this house," Pie-

"I was about to leave this house," Pietra continued impressively, "but paused at the threshold to say good-day to neighbors. I was greeted with ridicule and laughter by those who have heard the truth—the truth that you, whom I have loved and was to marry, had cast me from you and called upon an alderman for protection against me. Their sport cut me like knives, but I said nothing, for it was truth. But then Luigf Rossi—he that lives in the tenercnt in the rear-spoke up, and with leerthen Luigi Rossi-he that lives in the tenement in the rear-spoke up, and with leering laughter declared that he knew the reason why, declared that it was because you loved him, and had recently promised to marry him, that you had cast me from you." Pierro paused, and Pippette rejoiced again. Here was more romance after all. Ch! If Pietro and Luigi would only fight! Would that not be glorious? What greater distinction could come to a maiden than to have two men fight over her. "I did not kill him then," Pietro continued, "because I did not know whether or not he was lying. Now, I ask you if he was lying. If he was he shall die, or I shall die. We both have our stilettos, and they are ever ready. Whichever is the worst fighter shall die, and that at once. But if he told the truth, then I shall not fight him. I shall go away and see you never any more. Angree Pid he 1921. go away and see you never any more. Answer. Did he lie?"

swer. Did he lie?"

Pippette was in her element again. This was most delicious of all. The whole street would talk about her, and tell about her beauty if these two handsome men fought over her. She answered quickly:

"It was not the truth he told. Luigi Rossi is a handsome man, and he is my friend and I like him and may marry him. But I have not promised to."

Pietro's face grew darker. She had added venom to his rage by saying that she liked Luigi, and might marry him. She made it maddening when she added:

"But I would warn you not to fight him.



The Sight Might Well Have Turned Her Heart Cold.

He would cut you into little pieces and kill you quick!"

That was the last straw. Pletro was not That was the last straw. Pietro was not a coward, nor was he a weak man. To have the woman he loved intimate that Luigi Rossi could beat him in a fight was more than he could bear. It was like a scene in a melodrama when he turned and, raising his hand, shouted:
"It is falie! It is an insult! You shall see! I go! I go! I shall kill him—dead. And you, I shall never look upon again! Adieu! Adieu!"
With that he turned, with flaming eyes and every muscle quivering with rage. His hand, quick as lightning, had already drawn the stiletto which is ever convenient. Without another glance at her he rushed through the door, and in an instant she heard him jumping down stairs in great leaps.

she heard him jumping down stairs in great leaps.

Her gratified vanity ended that second. Suddenly she saw the whole thing in its dreadful, real life aspect. The banker's wife's story book romances were instantly forgotten. She remembered only that she loved Pietro, and that she had sent him into deally peril. She forced that she was loved Pietro, and that she had sent him into deadly peril. She forgot that she was emancipated. She did not want to be emancipated. Like kinetoscope flashes, pictures gleamed in her mind of Luigi plunging his long, slender dagger into Pietro's heart. Then she saw Pietro kill Luigi, and afterward saw the murderer dragged away to execution. She could see no aspect which did not mean death for Pietro! Death for her Pietro! Her handsome, brave, loving and adorable Pietro! For a moment she crouched, shaking in a chair, with her skirt over her head, swept by abject terror at what her silliness had set afoot.

Ject terror at what her silliness had set afoot.

Then, like lightning, she sprang up and screaming, "Pietro! Pietro! Stop him! Stop him! Tell him that I, Pippette, am coming!" rushed through the door and down the stairs.

When she reached the bottom she saw people hurrying through the hall, back toward the course. The great tenement was all aroused. A mumur of many excited voices came to her ears, and she almost fainted from fear. She had come too late, she thought, too late! too late!

But, recovering herself, she again sped like the wind to save Pietro. Into the court she dashed, still screaming.

There the sight might well have turned her heart cold. As she entered the two

her heart cold. As she entered the two men were just crouching, not six feet separating them, ready to spring upon each other. Glittering knives were in their hands, and she read excitement and horror in the faces of the Italians, who formed a little ring about them. Italians never interfere in an affair of that sort.

It was that ring of spectators that delayed Pipette. She could not force her way through it until the men had, with fierce jumps, like wild beasts, met, and were

blow aside. She only knows that she did stop the one and turn the other, and that she forced herself between the men and clung to Pietro's brawny, brown neck with loving arms, swearing that she worshiped him, and him alone, and that she had been a wicked, wicked girl.

Two bright-eyed, brown-skinned Italian babies are now, three years later, proof positive that Pippette did not change again. The very next day she and Pietro were married by the same alderman who had protected her.

protected her.

So this is the tale of the end as well as the beginning of Pippette's Emancipation.

FISHERMEN'S SUPERSTITIONS.

From the Fishing Gazette. tions connected with fish and fishing are nany and curious. Ask a Scandinaviar tails. You will be told that the ruddy colo heaven was on fire the gods threw the flames into the water and the salmon swallowed them. The delicacy of the salmon's tail is explained by the story that Loki, when the angry gods pursued him, turned himself into a salmon. He would have escaped if Thor had not caught him by the

tail. Salmons have had their tails fine and Why are soles, plaice and other flat fish Why are soles, plaice and other hat hish brown on one side and white on the other? The Arabs of upper Egypt give an explanation which no one can hesitate to accept. One day, they tell you, Moses, the Israelitish lawgiver, was frying a fish—we all know the Jews are fond of fried fish, and they cook it splendidly. Moses, however, had only cooked his fish on one side, when the fire went out, and so he angrily threw the half-cooked fish into the sea. Although half-broiled, it came to life again, and its descendants—all the flatish—have preserved today the peculiar appearance of their half-cooked ancestor, being white on one side and brown on the other.

Why do haddocks carry those peculiar black "finger marks" near the head? Some tell us that they are a memento of the pressure of St. Peter's fingers when he went fishing for the tribute money. On the Yorkshire coast they say the devil once determined to build a bridge at Filey. His satanic majesty did not start the bridge for the convenience of the people, but for the destruction of ships and sailors, and the annoyance of fishermen in genefal. In the progress of the work Old Nick dropped his hammer into the sea. Snatching at it brown on one side and white on the other

the annoyance of fishermen in genefal. In the progress of the work Old Nick dropped his hammer into the sea. Snatching at it hastily, he caught a haddock, and all haddocks carry the imprint of his black fingers to this day.

Fishermen have queer customs. A few years ago the fishermen of Preston, Lancashire, used actually to go fishing on Sunday. It seems incredible, but they did. A clergyman of the town used to preach against this Sabbath desceration, and pray that they might catch no fish. And they did not. But they found out how to make his prayers of no avail. The fishermen used to make a little effigy of the parson in rags, and put this small "guy" up their chimneys. When his reverence was slowly smoked and consumed the fish bit—like anything.

The fishermen of the Isle of Man always feel safe from storm and disasten if they have a dead were on board. They have a tradition that at one time an evil sea spirit

nave a dead wren on board. They have a tradition that at one time an evil sea spirit always haunted the herring pack and was always attended by storms. The spirit assumed many forms, At last it took the shape of a wren and flew away. If the fishermen have a dead wren with them they are certain that all will be safe and snug.

ishermen have a dead wren with them they are certain they all will be safe and snug.

On the Norfolk coast they think that fleas and fish come together. An old fisherman near Cromer was heard to say: "Times is that you might look in my flannel shirt and see scarce if flea-and then there and then there are when my shirt's alive with 'em, and then there's shirtin to be a sight o' fish." Flannel-shirted anglers, please note. Shocking it is to be compelled to state that many fishing superstitions are ungallantly directed against the ladies. Over against Ross there is the island of Lewis, sixty miles in length. In this isle there is but one fresh river. "Fish abound there in plenty." but only let'a woman wade in the stream, and not a salmon will be seen there for at least tyelve months. There is a song about "Eliza's Tootsles," but the immortal lyric does not explain why they should frighten the fish. I believe the ladies deny the allegation in toto. In the south of Ireland an angler proceeding to fish declares he will have no luck if he is asked where he is going to, if he sees a masple, or "if he is so unfortunate as to meet a woman."

THE SQUIRREL PEST.

Northwestern Farmers Have a Serious Fight Against It.

of Whitman county for several years past that some kind of a contagious disease would break out or could be inoculated into the troublesome ground squirrel. Several attempts have been made to breed some kind of a disease among them, but all seem to have been unsuccessful.

In view of these numerous unsuccessful attempts and the interest taken in the mater, considerable comment was caused a few days ago by the report coming from near Penawawa that there was some kind of disease which was killing the pests in large numbers, and the country might hope to be free from their devastating ravages. to be free from their devastating ravages. A Spokesman-Review correspondent has made an extensive trip through the infested district in order to investigate the authenticity of the reports and the extent to which the disease is proving fatal. There seems to be no doubt that there is a contagion among them, which is proving fatal to a few, though not to the extent that has been represented. The first effect on the animals is to make them dumpy and stupid, then scabs or sores appear on the body of the animal, and soon they lose the use of their hind parts and are barely able to get around. Very few dead squirrels were found, but the animals seem to be less numerous than they were a few weeks ago.

get around. Very few dead squirrels were found, but the animals seem to be less numerous than they were a few weeks ago. This decrease in numbers is explained by some observers by the fact that the females have gone in their holes to have their young, but it has also been noticed in districts where the young squirrels are old enough to get out of the holes. Already preparations are being made to spread the disease. Inquiries come from all over the country concerning the authenticity of the reports and the effect it is having to decrease the numbers and ravages of the pests.

But while the farmers are anxiously watching the outcome of the infection they are by no means idle in aiding nature to destroy their enemy. Traps, guns, bombs and all kinds of poisons are used in aid of their destruction. One Colfax firm has already sold over 500 ounces of strychnine, and other poisons in proportion. Arsenic seems to be springing into favor as a destroyer, but some who have been experimenting with it report rather unfavorably. Since the success of the wetern one-third of this county depends almost entirely on the discovery of some method which will promptly and effectively exterminate these mischievous little animals, all new suggestions to that end are thankfully received and given a fair trial. In Spokane county 500 patent bembs for the extermination of squirrels have been received by the county commissioners for distribution among the farmers.

Through a Brick.

From the Toledo Blade, if "You wouldn't have relieved it possible to blow out a candle flame through a brick-bat," remarked a celebrated physician whose penchant is to give scientific re-search a practical bearing. "It can be done, however, and it illustrates the all-pervasive qualities of air. Most rooms are largely ventilated through their walls, and the ly ventilated through their walls, and the brick and mortar are merely very rudimentary lungs, which take in and throw out the atmosphere with little hindrance.

"You may try the experiment yourself. Place a candle on the other side of your brick and use two funnels, with the flaring ends on the opposite side of the brick-bat, with the small end of one in line with your mouth and the small end of the other trained on the candle flame. The least breath will make the light flicker and a hearty expiration will extinguish it altogether. Try it and see."

Poor Zaggles!

Jinks-"For a professional humorist, Mr. Zaggles looks remarkably sad-eyed and Binks-"Yes; you see everyone who has children insists upon telling him all the smart little things they say, in the hope he will put them in the papers." Rhubarb Rhubarb

The Physicians of America

Peppermint

For Ipecac

A Is A DOS

Is Nux Vomica

S is Soda

many written by so-called very professional doc-tors, who claim that nothing is orthodox but their

vestigate very carefully every remedy they ad-

Ripans, 5oc. Box, All Druggists.

******************* If You

Are Suffering

from any irritating, disfiguring humor or euption such as Pimples, Blotches, Blacheads, Ring Worm, Tetter, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Prickly Heat or Itching Piles, you can be speedily and per-

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure.

A positive remedy for all skin diseases, and insuring a bright, clear, healthy com-50 CENTS PER BOX AT DRUG STORES.

Foster Medicine Co.. Baltimore, Md.

************** Book of 50 choice receipts for making Frozen Delicacies, FREE. Ask for one.

"White Mountain" *Ice Cream Freezers -will freeze cream in 4 min-utes. Well made, convenient to use and DURABLE. #2*1.50 up. 1 qt. to 50.

"The Eddy" Refrigerators

have NO EQUAL 500,000 families use them—and this number is being added to EVERY day.

EFS.85 up, according to size. Great ice savers. See them be-

M.W. Beveridge, 1215 F St. and 1214 G St.

WATER

Wilmarth & Edmonston, Crockery, &c., 1205 Pa. Ave.

Everybody | | | | -is buying Palm Oil Soap. Did you

| | | | ever try it? Made of Pure Palm Oil | | | | and Soda-the healthlest Toilet Soap | | | | in existence. A whole windowful at Ogram's TWO STORES

1211 Pa. ave. and 17th and H sts. n.w. my29-24d

You householders and housekeepers cannot afford to submit to this heat and pay for coal to make it worse until you

C.A.Muddiman, 614 12th St.

2-burner Gas Stove.....\$1.60 3-burner Gas Stove.....\$2.75 Gas Ranges.....\$13.00-\$16.00 \$18.00-\$19.00

Gas is the cheapest fuel. We know it.

Don't Put Off ICE PITCHER

We have a full assortment of Quadruple-plate Porcelain-lined Pitchers-Not the cheapest, but the BEST to be had at \$7.50.

Goldsmith's,

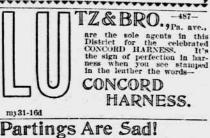
Bargains In Long Hair Switches.

S. HELLER'S. 720 7th Street N.W.

Very Finest Imported 24 IN A BOX.

PACKED IN BEST OLIVE OIL, I5 C. bx. Delicious eating, and of the exactly same quality for which you are asked to pay 30c. elsewhere. For pleniers, lunches, &c.—they're unsurpassed.

EFALASKA SALMON, just received an unusually choice lot—we'll sell at 25c. the can. CALIFORNIA WINE AND FRUIT CO., 1205 G ST. N.W. Ferd. Schneider, Mgr.



S=u=m=m=e=r

waist. Good value at 75c. Every pair guaranteed. Only ... 50C.
"EXCLUSIVELY" Corsets, and GOOD
CORSETS EXCLUSIVELY.

HOWARD'S, CORSET 1003 F St. NEXT TO BOSTON HOUSE.

Misbehaving Stomachs,

BOTTLE. Crump's Tonic

RESULTS is used. In no sense a patent medicine—doesn't contain a single drug—yet no drug or drugs yet discovered have its immediately potency. The heartlest kind of indorsements from such well known people as W.C. Tilden, M.D., Senator Mai derson—and hundreds of people for sale at Mertz's, 11th and F sts.; Johnson & Ballinger, 14th and R. I. ave.; Thos. Siaw, 7th and I; G. C. Simms and Crump Mfg. Co., 304 Ind. ave. my31-1m28d

S. & B. The Reversible Mattress

has cotton filling on BOTH sides.
The "one-sided!" mattress has cotton on ONE side only. "The Reversible" gives, therefore, TWICE the service—but COSTS NO MORE.

LTAIL first-class dealers sell it. See that S. & B. is stamped in each corner of the label—not genuine without it.

S. & B. my31-28d S. & B.

"Waists."

your own Waists and save money?

Just arrived, lovely patterns in Jaconette

Percales, 3 yards will make a Waist, only 12½c. yard.
 New Importation Beautiful Taffeta Silks,
 latest effect.; 6 yards makes a Waist, only

J. B. Nalle, SUCCESSOR TO HOOF BROS. & CO. 1528 F ST. my28-204

The Knox Sailor.

You'll be offered initations of them elsewhere, but not the genuine, for nobody else in "D. C." can sell them. It's a strong temptation to other hatters to palm off something else-for all stylish ladies want the "Kuoz." Others-some as low as \$1.50—and they are good Sallors, too. Men's Straws, too.

B. H. STINEMETZ & SON, 1237 Pa. avenue. my30-20d

WEATHER

-- ladies. Only the RIGHT SHAPES-that - are to be worn this season. Look at 'em-- no trouble to show 'em up, even if you

--- don't buy. Prices range from \$1.25 up. You can delay parting with a favorite garment of any description by having it repaired by the UNIVERSAL MENDING Co., ap6-7d Boom 4, 1114-1116 F st. n.w.